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OWNED AND BOSSED BY OLD SLOB.

Vol. 1.



The picture and following article is taken from the pages of a New York Sunday paper dated April 24, 1898, believed to be the New York American.

Every detective in New York knew that Red-Headed Mike was wanted for entering the house of Le Page Paget Page, President of the Hoboken and New York Life Insurance Company. Every detective knew that there was \$10,000 coming to the man who landed him in the Tombs, but Strong-Arm Sam, the boy detective, knew it first, and he felt confident of getting the reward although as yet he had no clue.

"I haven't had a narrow escape from death in two hours," said he, as he stood on the track with his back to a down-bound cable car on Broadway and whistled through his ears, a trick he had when irritated.

"Get off the track!" yelled a passer-by.

"Who get off the track?" asked Sam, insolently, showing his ears.

"You get off the track," said the man, who perceived that inside of a minute Sam would be ground to a pulp.

"Oh, I get off the track!" said Sam, glancing at the mirror which he wore in his hat brim, and which enabled him to see what was behind him.

"Yes, you get off the track," said the stranger, who was actuated by motives that seemed disinterested, but which were not, for, unbeknown to Sam, that detective owed the stranger a dollar, and the man feared that the bank note would not be redeemable if Sam was pulverized in his clothes.

But Strong-Arm Sam knew what he

was about, and when the car was three feet away from him, he stretched out his terrible right and stopped the car so suddenly that the grip was torn to pieces. Then, as he was always original in his ways, he vaulted over the dashboard and entered the car.

His quick eye lighted on a distinctive-looking girl in a tailor-made suit.

"You are my meat," he cried, stepping up to her.

A shudder ran through the car, but as it hadn't a fare the conductor kicked it off. All thought that for once Sam had made a mistake, but when with Charmion-like quickness, he ripped off the clothes from the slender, graceful girl and disclosed the burly form of Red-Headed Mike, the man who was wanted for the robbery, a cry of admiration burst from every throat in the car.

"Soy, you're a t'oro'bred, young feller. It's a pleasure to be pinched by a man."

Sam repressed a blush of satisfaction that wanted to rise to his cheek, and signalled to the conductor to stop. He intended to take the man to Police Headquarters at once.

But at that instant two undersized ladies, whose manner showed them to be among the first dozen of the 400, boarded the car.

"You leave that man alone!" said one of them to Sam.

"Yes, you leave that man alone!" echoed the other one.

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Their tones were so full of culture that instantly every man in the car offered them his seat. Sam trembled. He feared the worst. If these little women should prove to be Red-Headed Hank and Blue-Nose Bill he would have to rap for assistance, and, the day being warm, not a woman in the car had a wrap.

"You leave that man alone!" repeated the first lady.

"I can't leave him alone unless every one else in the car leaves." At this witty and dauntless reply of Sam's his reputation went up several points, and every man in the car made up his mind to lend his aid in case of a fracas.

The two ladies began to swell with rage, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" their finery fell from them and disclosed them for two as terrible thugs as ever panhandled a man on the Bowery—Red-Headed Hank and Blue-Nose Bill.

It is needless to say that they were members of Mike's gang. They wouldn't be needed in this story if they were not.

Now that Sam knew the worst he stiffened his upper lip with a piece of cardboard and calmly walked out to the rear platform with Mike in his firm grasp.

The car was passing one of the great skyscrapers in course of erection on Broadway, and a steam crane had just lowered its grappling irons to take up a block of granite to the thirty-second story.

With Sam, to act was to think. In tones as clear as new bock beer he yelled to the man in charge of the stationary engine "Haul us up!" and with his prisoner under his arm, the way a child carries her rag doll, he sprang for the derrick chains, and a moment later was twenty feet above the car and going upward with great velocity.

A murmur of admiration passed from lip to lip. The two thugs ground their teeth as if they had been knives, but it was of no avail.

But Blue-Nose Bill was a man of resources. He whispered to Hank, and

the two jumped off the car and ran to the engineer who was elevating Sam and his prisoner.

"Do you belong to the Order of Sons of Eternal Rest?" said Bill.

"I do; thump me."

"Give the countersign."

"Hanky panky nanky. And you?"

"Hunky punky nunky. Good! There's not a moment to lose. That man you are pulling up is an enemy to our order, and the man he has in his grasp is Past Grand Mighty Potential Dinky Dink. Hold them in mid-air and tell him to drop his prisoner. I demand it for the good of the order."

In an instant Sam felt that he had been stopped. The next moment the strong-lunged engineer yelled, "Drop your prisoner or I'll let you down sudden!"

Sam saw his peril, but his head remained clear. "On what authority do you command me?"

"On the authority of the Most Pious-sant Orator of the Sons of Eternal Rest."

"If you had done it on your authority as an engineer," said Sam, beginning to swing, "I would have obeyed, for it's time Mike took a tumble; but I hate your organization and I defy you."

As he spoke he swung in wider arcs, until at last he and Mike swung into the twenty-second story window of the building opposite. The crash of glass made a man at a desk in a private office turn around. He said in a cross voice, as soon as he saw Sam and Mike standing there, "John haven't I told you not to let any one in unless he sends in his card?"

A minute later Sam was sitting on Mike in a handsomely upholstered chair, puffing two expensive cigars. For the man was none other than Le Page Paget Page, the President of the Hoboken and New York Life Insurance Company, and Sam had delivered his prisoner in good order.

It took but a moment to telephone for two Central Office men, and then Mr. Page made out a check for \$10,000 and handed it to our young hero.

Meanwhile the two thugs had seen

him swing into the window, and, hurling curses at the engineer, several of which hit him, they ran across the street, expecting to catch Sam before he should leave the building.

Two men in plain clothes entered the elevator with them, but they did not look at their shoes, and so did not recognize them as detectives. All four got out at the twenty-second floor, and all four entered Mr. Page's private office, unannounced.

Sam saw his opportunity at once. He said to the detectives, "Arrest those men. They're wanted badly."

While he was saying it, Mike squirmed from under him and cast himself out of the broken window, but Sam jumped after him, and, being a swifter faller than the burglar, soon caught up with him and grabbed him.

As luck would have it, two stout dudes were passing, and Sam and his prisoner fell on them and were, of course, unharmed. It is worth while being soft, sometimes.

The chapter of accidents was now at a close. Mike was only too glad to go quietly with the intrepid young detective, and inside of half an hour Mike, Hank and Bill were in the Tombs, while Sam, in evening dress, sat eating the most expensive dinner that Delmonico could serve.

Once more virtue had triumphed and vice had got it in the solar plexus.

EDITORIAL

I've just finished reading Ralph Cumming's newsy news column in the July issue of the Round-Up. I hope I can live up to his expectations. Well fellows, if you bear with me through my apprenticeship period I hope that I will be able to finally do as well as Ralph has done in the past. Ralph will still be with us writing his inimicable Newsy News column. Where would the Round-Up be without its homey and down-eastern flavor.

Perhaps a few words about myself would not be amiss. I'm 32 years old, quite young for a dime-novel collector, but ever since I've been old enough to read I have been reading

and collecting dime novels. My father was collecting before I was born and still is. Now it is a partnership both of us sharing in the collection, which now stands at some 22,000 items, majoring in colored covers. The collection is fully indexed by author, title, geographical location and type of story. Will be glad to correspond with anyone interested in this type indexing and would be glad to hear of any other systems used by other collectors. I spend a good part of my spare time (I work for a living at the Naval Underwater Ordnance Station, Newport, Rhode Island) keeping this file up to date while my father's balliwick is repairing those novels needing it and these days there are quite a few.

Any criticisms, suggestions or what have you concerning the Round-Up will be greatly appreciated. Will do my best to give you what you want and sincerely hope that with the support of all the members I will succeed.

NEWSY NEWS

by Ralph F. Cummings

Wow, hasn't it been hot this summer? I love the good old summertime, but when it gets as hot as this, then I don't care too much for such weather. I like a real nice summer that isn't too hot, same as other folks. If it isn't too hot, it's too cold or vice versa.

Who has Boys of New York #750 and 777? Any one having them get in touch with the writer of Newsy News.

Just heard that Sam Olmhausen of East Liverpool, Ohio, has been crippled up, with a broken bone in the ankle, sure does make it tough to try to walk, and we all wish you the very best of luck all around, Pard.

Well, our new editor and owner of Round-Up has taken over July 1st, and he'll have an announcement in this issue, to make. Remember Pards, he is one of the finest fellows that would be suitable for such a job, and if he can't make a go of it, no one can.

Now I have more of a chance to

work on the Millers Dime Novel Authors, as I expect to have it revised and brought more up to date, so any one having any information they think ought to go into it, I'll sure appreciate any information what ever.

Eli A. Messier, P. O. Box 1122, Woonsocket, R. I. would like to get all information he can on Geo. H. Coomer, an old writer in various boys Weeklies and Libraries in and around 1893. Seems Mr. Coomer came from Rhode Island. Any help will be very much appreciated, Pard.

It is vacation time now, and many of the brothers head for the seashore, mountains, or to visit one another, so any who get as far as Worcester, Mass., be sure to drop down to see me, as I live only 9 miles from Worcester, take route 122A and have bus driver let you off at Pleasant St., in Saundersville, as I live about a 5 minute walk from the bus lines, or when you get to Worcester, phone Grafton 622, then you'll be sure whether you can catch me or not, Pard.

The other day I landed for my collection, two old story papers that I had never heard of before. They are, The Yankee Privateer, Vol. 4, No. 36, July 28th, 1855. Published by J. Jones 2 Water St., Boston, Mass., has 4 pages, seven columns to the page, with a fine masthead to go with it, with sailing ship of war in chase of a prize, with lots of people on the shore, cheering, and in the middle of masthead is a quartet that are spinning yarns, and sitting on a treasure box and a cannon, while on each side is the American flag, sure is a very exciting picture in itself. The title of the story on page one is: Captain Merry's Masterpiece! "Brandon, the Buccaneer, or The Gallant Cruiser's." A Romance of Dangerous Adventures and Daring Exploits Afloat and Ashore! by Capt. Merry, U. S. N. (he is the author of Sweeney Todd, The Flying Dutchman, Gallant Tom and others.)

The second story paper is Ned Buntline's Sunday Paper, Vol. 1 No. 7. Sunday Morning, June 18th, 1854,

published by Edward E. C. Judson (Ned Buntline), Boston, Mass. (no street address given), 4 pages, 7 columns to the page, with more of a plain mast head, of a soldier on the left, praying to a seeing eye up in heaven, with clouds and a rainbow. Title on first page is "Liberty Tree, or the Tory's Doom! A Historical story of the Revolution by Ned Buntline.

This isn't a religious paper, but a real story paper. It's called a Sunday paper, mostly in name only.

This story paper may be mentioned in Jay Monaghan's book on "The Great Rascal," but I didn't notice it, too bad I didn't get it in time, so Jay could have included the information in that fine book of his, but I just got it.

I also have another old paper, that's a real story paper, but no mention of it, called "The Holiday Museum," Dec. 1844. Published by Everett and Company, 2 Ann St., Near Broadway, N. Y. Price 6¢, it is well illustrated, 6 wide columns to the page, 4 large pages, with complete tale on the last page called "The Rival Brothers." A tale of the Revolution. No authors name given. This story paper is called A Christmas Present!

OLD TIME BOYS BOOKS

Part 8

by J. Edward Leithead

Joseph A. Altsheler was a famous writer of boys' books, first published by D. Appleton & Co., later bearing the imprint D. Appleton-Century Co. The French and Indian War Series was in 6 volumes—The Hunters of the Hills, The Rulers of the Lakes, The Lords of the Wild, The Shadow of the North, The Masters of the Peaks, The Sun of Quebec. A very handy list of characters running through the series, most of them historical, appeared in each volume. I think all but one of these volumes had illustrations by Charles L. Wrenn, former Street & Smith artist. Then there was The Young Trailers Series, 8 volumes—The Young Trailers, The Forest Runners, The Keepers of the Trail, The

Eyes of the Woods, The Free Rangers, The Riflemen of the Ohio, The Scouts of the Valley, The Border Watch. These excellent pioneer and Indian tales relate the adventures of Henry Ware and Paul Cotter, together with three older frontiersmen, on the Kentucky border and all along the frontier.

Descendants of Ware and Cotter take part in the Civil War in a later series by Altsheler, probably the longest and best series for boys on the War Between the States ever written, covering it from the first Bull Run to Appomattox, with a list of principal characters, a separate list of historical characters and one of the famous battles which take place in the stories, in each volume. As in Frank Tousey's Blue and Gray Weekly, the great conflict is viewed from both sides, Harry Kenton fighting for the South, and his cousin, Dick Mason, fighting for the North. There are 8 volumes in the Civil War Series—The Guns of Bull Run, The Guns of Shiloh, The Scouts of Stonewall, The Sword of Antietam, The Star of Gettysburg, The Rock of Chicamauga, The Shades of the Wilderness, The Tree of Appomattox. Charles L. Wrenn also illustrated this series.

The Texan Series by Altsheler—The Texan Star, The Texan Scouts, The Texan Triumph—deal with the Lone Star State's beginning and battle for freedom, just about the most complete and exciting account of these stirring, historical events ever penned. The Great West Series was two volumes—The Lost Hunters, The Great Sioux Trail—and there were separate volumes, The Horsemen of the Plains, A Story of the Great Cheyenne War, Apache Gold, The Quest of the Four, The Last of the Chiefs. Altsheler wrote still another series for boys, about the First World War, called the World War Series—The Guns of Europe, The Forest of Swords, The Hosts of the Air. Most or all of these fine books are, I believe, still in print.

Hugh Pendexter wrote some books for boys—The Young Fishermen, or, The King of Smugglers' Island, The

Young Loggers, or, The Gray Axeman of Mt. Crow, The Young Sea-Merchants, or, After Hidden Treasure, The Young Gem-Hunters, or, The Mystery of the Haunted Camp, The Young Timber-Cruisers, or, Fighting the Spruce Pirates, The Young Woodsmen, or Running Down the Squawtooth Gang, The Young Trappers, or, The Quest of the Giant Moose (all published by Doubleday, Page & Co., I believe); but he attained his greatest fame as a writer of historical novels of frontier America for adult readers.

Back in 1916 or thereabouts, I became interested in a series of excellent frontier scout and Indian short stories by Pendexter, running in Adventure Magazine. Kinnikinnick was the title of the first one, followed by A Bearer of Belts, next The One Alone Called Kiwasa, The Hungry Crystal, The Ambush in the Pipe, McLean Mends His Medicine, In the Shadow of Pontiac, The Magic Arrow, Yancey of the Rangers, Red Toll, An Express from Ligonier, The Skidi Feed the Evening Star, A New Keeper of the Wampum, The Raven Mocker, Red Sticks, The Ways of Mountain Men, The Western Door Swings Open, The Wilderness Trap. This ended Pendexter's shorts in Adventure, and the whole series should have been reprinted in book form. They're not only exciting tales, but an amazing storehouse of Indian and frontier lore, and this applied to all that Hugh Pendexter wrote. I was so enthused by his stories that, when I entered the Army in the First World War, I wrote the publishers of Adventure (then the Ridgway Co.) to please keep me informed of all Pendexter tales as they appeared in the magazine. They did so and I never missed one.

Pendexter now left the short story field for complete novels, writing three, When Kentucky Starved (about Boone and Kenton), Go-Ahead Davie (Davie Crockett, of course) and Carson of Taos (Kit Carson, naturally), and these, too, should have been preserved in permanent book form.

I was trying to break into writing

myself about this time, and I wrote Pendexter of my admiration for his stories. Promptly came an answer from Norway, Maine, where he then lived. He always answered promptly and at length, no matter how busy he was (and he was always busy, turning out serials for *Adventure* by that time, as reader interest in his fine, accurate historical tales grew by leaps and bounds). He helped me over many a rough spot in my own writing with his constructive criticism.

His serials for *Adventure* began to appear in book form. The first was *Red Belts*, followed by *Gentlemen of the North*, both published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Then switching to another publisher, the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Pendexter's books came out in a steady stream—*Kings of the Missouri*, *A Virginia Scout* (serial title *A Scout for Virginia*), *Pay Gravel* (one of his best, I was working in a bookstore at the time and sold 100 copies single-handed), *Old Misery*, *The Wife-ship Woman* (serial title *Red Autumn*, I think), *The Gate Through the Mountain*, *Harry Idaho* (serial title *Lost Diggings*), *The Red Road* (serial title *Long Rifles*), *Bird of Freedom* (serial title *The Sun Chasers*).

I remember Pendexter writing me around the time *Lost Diggings* (book title *Harry Idaho*) was printed serially. The Editor of *Adventure*, himself a great admirer of these stories, thought certain changes should be made in the story structure before publication. It was a pretty tough job, Pendexter remarked in his letter, since he had to re-cast most of the characters' speech to fit new situations (practically a complete re-write job of 75,000 to 80,000 words and really terrific as I know from my own experience), but he went at it with his accustomed vigor, and it's one of his best tales. I don't think this ever happened but the once, for he was a most careful, painstaking craftsman, read enormously of source material, for facts and to get the feel of the times. He was an authority on all the Indian tribes that opposed the steady march of the white man

across the continent.

Pendexter used to say that during the years of Western settlement, which his stories covered as no writer has done it before or since, the far frontier hadn't developed a language of its own as it did later in the era of cattleman and cowboy, but was a combination of the speech of men from the New England States, the Atlantic seaboard, the South, the Middle West. Once, after having had published a complete novel in *Adventure*, *The Road to El Dorado*, whose central figure was the celebrated California Joe (Moses E. Milner), Pendexter expressed the thought that he had used too heavy a Western dialect in the great plainsman's speeches, saying that the real man probably had talked quite differently. I told him perhaps that was so, but it hadn't spoiled the story for me, I had hugely enjoyed it. This is just one instance of Pendexter's care, in all he wrote, to be true to the facts. *Wolf Law* was another complete novel in *Adventure*, concerning Western outlawry, a third was *The Floating Frontier*, about flat boat days along the Ohio and Indian warfare, and a fourth was *The Bush-fighters*, about Israel Putnam.

Hugh Pendexter has been gone some years now, and there are still, so far as I know, quite a number of his outstanding serials which have never seen book publication. This is difficult to understand, since the historical novel which genuinely re-creates the characters, events and atmosphere of a bygone day is so much in vogue, and Hugh Pendexter was one of the ablest chroniclers of pioneer days that ever lived. He didn't restrict himself to either Eastern or Western frontier, but told it all.

The long serials awaiting book publication, if some publisher ever realizes that here are unsurpassed tales of America in the making which would be re-read with delight by those who first read them in magazine form and introduce a host of new readers to the works of a top-flight author of the historical novel, are as follows (all but one were *Adventure*

Magazine serials):

Tameless Days, The Border Breed, War Wampum, Log Cabin Men, Iroquois! Iroquois!, Rifle Rule, The Fighting Years, Pard, Over the Rim of the Ridge, The White Dawn, The Torch Bearers, The Bushlopers, The Homesteaders, The Roaring Towns (a McClure Magazine serial, about transcontinental railroad building, reprinted as a complete novel and retitled, The Flaming Frontier, in the January, 1937 issue of Real Western Magazine).

In preparing this article about cloth-bound books for boys, perhaps I have left out some favorite old-time authors of those who will read it. But I've covered the field as well as I was able, touching upon most of those writers who afforded us endless hours of reading enjoyment in our younger days.

KIT CARSON'S RIFLE

The Interesting Relic is Now the Property of a Santa Fe Lodgeroom
(sent in by Fred Pitzer)

Kit Carson's rifle, which was carried by him for more than 40 years, and which never failed him, is now a precious relic in the possession of the Montezuma lodge of masons at Santa Fe, of which he was a member.

As an Indian fighter Carson was matchless, and no one understood better than he the habits and the nature of the savage. He told Col. Inman, of Kansas, that he was never deceived but once by Indian tactics. He said that he was hunting with six others after buffalo in the summer of 1835; that they had been successful and came into their little bivouac one night very tired, intending to start for the rendezvous at Bent's fort the next morning. They had a number of dogs, among them some excellent animals. These barked a good deal and seemed restless and the men heard wolves.

"I saw," said Kit, "two big wolves sneaking about, one of them quite close to us. Gordon, one of my men, wanted to fire his rifle at it, but I did not let him, for fear he would hit a dog. I admit that I had a sort of

idea that those wolves might be Indians, but when I noticed one of them turn short around and heard the clashing of his teeth as he rushed at one of the dogs, I felt easy then and was certain that they were wolves sure enough. But the red devil fooled me after all, for he had two dried buffalo bones in his hands under the wolfskin, and he rattled them together every time he turned to make a dash at the dogs. Well, by and by we all dozed off, and it wasn't long before I was suddenly aroused by a noise and a big blaze. I rushed out the first thing for our mules and held them. If the savages had been at all smart they could have killed us in a trice, but they ran as soon as they fired at us. They killed one of my men, putting five bullets in his body and eight in his buffalo robe. The Indians were a band of Sioux on the war trail after a band of Snakes, and found us by sheer accident. They endeavored to ambush us the next morning, but we got wind of their little game and killed three of them, including the chief."

Next to Kit Carson the most famous scout in the southwest was Jim Baker, a native of Illinois, who was employed for many years by the American Fur company, who married an Indian wife from the Snake tribe in Idaho and entered the service of the United States with Gen. Fremont during his first exploring expedition. During his old age, after one season of unusually successful trapping, he realized the handsome sum of \$9,000 from the sale of his furs. He then determined to spend the remainder of his days in comfort. The night before his departure from Fort Bent he went around the camp to bid the boys good-by. The farewells were accompanied by a good deal of drinking, and before the evening was over Jim Baker had taken a seat in a faro game, where he lost every cent of his money. He returned to the mountains with his Indian wife, established a little store and spent the rest of his life trading with the Indians and the mirers.

—Chicago Record, 1899